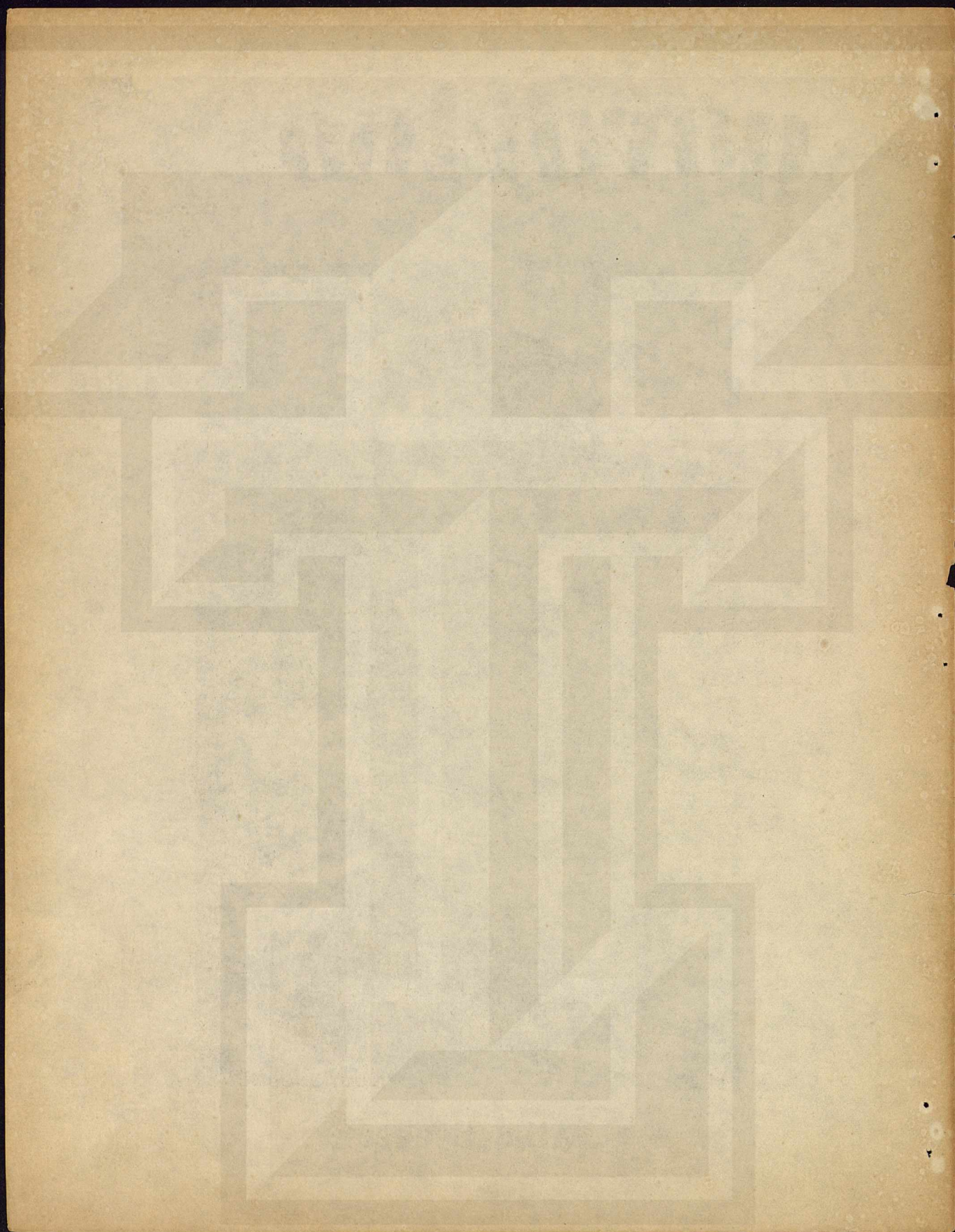


15c

gardylloo



Mike Seeger



late July 1959

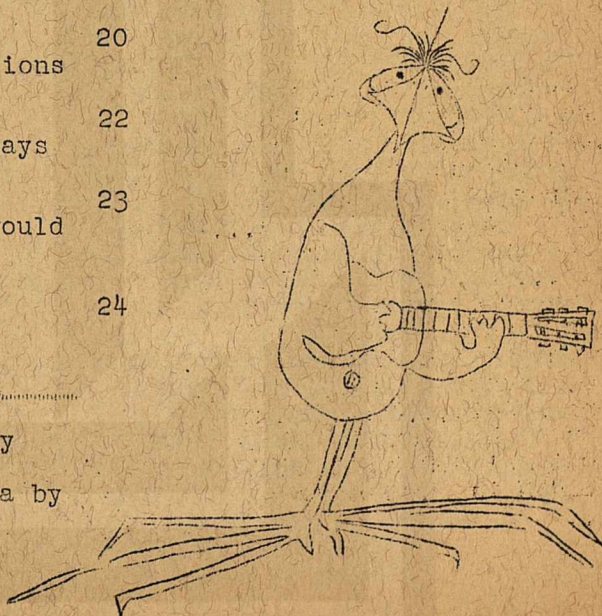
GARDY LOO

a magazine for mildewed folkniks

which contains:

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Cover Photo by Honest Tom Paley
Birds by Sneaky Winnie Winston
Page shape adapted from an idea by
Square Mike Seeger



It is small comfort to know that every
issue of Gardyloo so far has contained

an
editor's note

of some kind or another

Gardyloo's Special Agent, Winnie Winston, currently stationed at
Bucks Rock Work Camp (no, Bucks Rock is not a county institution) has
sent the following communique in care of this magazine.

Attn: Messrs. Delmore Paley
McKinley Cohen
Wilber Seeger

ESP. D.P., who was heard to remark (about a certain line in a song
sung by McKinley Cohen on a Folkways Record), "Gee, that sounds
profitable."

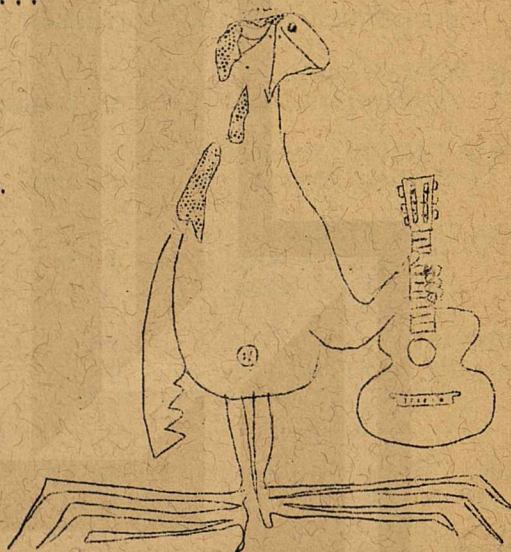
WEBSTERS UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY SAYS: (Re. Railroadng & Gambling)

"CHIT (chit) n. [cf. dial. chit, chitty - cat like, kitten. E.
small/ a child; also a person likened to be a child; a forward young
woman; also, woman of questionable repute."

C, not S! So there, Tom Paley...

WW

SURPLUS SOCIAL NOTES: Wes Richards
recording for Oscar Brand's radio
show...Jaime & Roger Lass have
added a rabbit to their household...
Sylvia reports that Max is taking
a job with the Census Bureau...Mike
Seeger seen eating ice-cream for
breakfast...Pete Haas and Lionel
Kilberg reported to have been
appearing regularly on a radio
show in Philadelphia, via tape...
Israel G. Young planning to issue
Folk Hero Medals...John Cohen &
Tom Paley pushing the New Lost
City Ramblers' OLD TIMEY SONGS
FOR CHILDREN in the Folklore
Center...



Notes on

NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS

by Mike Seeger

Most cover pictures on magazines are accompanied on the inside by an article so bubbling and laudatory that if the object of the piece isn't embarrassed, at least half of its readers are. This, I hope, to avoid in addition to proving that I'm no writer.

I would like to elaborate on John Cohen's About Us printed in the booklet with NLOR record number 1, and reprinted in Gardyloo 2. Elaborate may not be the word, for obviously the reason that all three of us write notes separately to accompany our discs is that we don't agree what and why we are and especially what to write for notes. It's amazing that we originally could agree on a name for ourselves. Part of the original idea of the name was Moe Asch's wish for us to be New City Lost with accent on the Lost to identify us with the City beatniks, etc. But the one thing the NLOR do have in common is a knowledge of and appreciation for oldtime country music, with or without its psycho & sociological rationalizations and ramifications and all the nonsense going about as to it as Art. Folk music is fun to listen to and perform; especially when it is amateur and not professional.

It was in this way that the NLOR first came together: John and Tom, who had played together at Yale for some time, were attending Foshag's Fertility Rites, 5/58, and afterwards had been invited to appear on John Dildine's unsponsored, unpaid, and under-appreciated folk music program on station WASH in Wash., D.C., where they were to have tuned and otherwise performed for about half of the hour-long show on Sunday night.

I asked if I could set in and tune with them since I have many more instruments and especially the autoharp which would take more time. So we got together about 15 minutes before air time and worked out a rough program which went off at least with spontaneity. After this we concluded that we ought to do this more often, maybe sometime even for money. So John, our promoter, (also called the most Lost of the NLOR) proceeded to arrange a concert and recording session for us in the greengrass music capitol of the world, N.Y.C. From here on in most know that for unascertainable reasons that concert

Seeger (2)

sold out and that the NLOR #1 on Folkways was well-received.

But on the concert and record there were several much-commented-about drawbacks, the reasons for which I would like to explain (not defend). First, the concert:

When we set about practicing for the first concert (for we only come together for about a week preceeding each quarterly oldtime affair) we attempted to practice the music and learn to play together, then the words and then how to get the instruments ready for the next song. Obviously, with the variety of types of songs that we play, we have hands full just keeping our instruments tuned (@!?!), remembering who does what song on what instrument in what key and when. And we forgot that we would be watched between songs. We could have cut down on variety as do many Bluegrass bands down here in order to speed up the show, or we could have accented talk and song background as do so many city-folk. We're working towards a balance we hope, since both are desirable. And the record...

A number of audiophiles down here in Washington complained about the poor recording engineering, to which I replied, "Bosh, that's oldtime recording for oldtime music". I thought it was good. I had only heard the master tape, and thought that if there was any bad recording it was probably on East Virginia and three other songs that I recorded myself with my Tandberg in a living room. When I did hear the finished record I objected to Moe Asch (Folkways' director, producer, engineer, etc., etc.) that the echo sounded un-natural (it was dubbed in) and also the filters (to make it sound "hi-fi"), to which he replied effectively, "I've got to -- the other companies in the field are forcing it". The future NLOR records (if there are any) will not have the filtered, bathroom-sound so popular with today's recordings.

So far I have said little about the music we try to play and will stop before I do. But we hope to improve it too.

--Mike Seeger

Addenda:

"Foshag's Fertility Rites -- A monster bash thrown by Willy Foshag at his old farmhouse in Hagerstown, Md., featuring beer, folksinging, fertility rites by the natives, magnificent balloon ascension, the end of the world, and sundry other wonders.

--Hon. Tom Paley"

"Whaddaya mean 'Whaddaya mean 'Whaddaya mean 'Whaddaya mean?' '?'?"

The Golden Age of Folk Recording
The year is 1924...

UNCLE DAVE MACON - GID TANNER & RILEY PUCKETT

compiled by
Len Kunstadt

INTRODUCTION

Through the examination of newspapers, record catalogues, and supplements, and related advertising matter it appears that the Spring of 1924 was a pivotal period for the recording of country-folk (also referred to as Mountain and/or Southern) music.

It seems that Okeh, Vocalion and Columbia Records were the main gladiators battling for the folk record dollar. We emphasize the Spring of 1924 as the pivotal period as it was at this time that the recording officials of the major companies really became aware of the commercial potentialities of this type of music. No longer were the amount of country-folk recordings sparsely distributed through their catalogues. Exclusive coverage was given in special catalogue sections and supplements. Extensive advertising campaigns were put into effect. Trucks with portable recording equipment were dispatched to districts in our South and West to find the folk artists. Some of the greatest folk delineators were discovered and recorded during these sojourns, and it is at this point that we 'archivistically' present across-the-board accounts exhumed from actual 1924 recording advertising subject matter about a few of these country-folk artists who set the pattern for future recording generations.

UNCLE DAVE MACON

"Uncle" Dave Macon -- a Vocalion Artist --

The Aeolian Company has recently announced that it has secured Uncle Dave Macon to record exclusively for the Vocalion records.

Uncle Dave Macon closely resembles the typical distinguished Southern 'Colonel'. Originally from Warren County, in the Cumberland Mountains, Tennessee, where he was born in 1870, he moved with his parents at the age of 5 to Nashville, where Dave learned to play the banjo. He travelled with many medicine shows gathering crowds

Kunstadt (2)

for the 'Doctor'. Today besides being a banjoist of note, Mr. Macon is also a singer of merit. In the South, Mr. Macon appeared on numerous occasions with Sidney Harkreader, a young man from Mt. Juliet, Tennessee, who accompanied him with the guitar and violin. Macon is now a resident of Readyville, Tennessee, where he lives with his wife and seven boys. The name Macon he inherited from his ancestors after whom the town of Macon, Georgia, was named.

The new Vocalion artist makes a specialty of singing and playing the real "cotton field and corn-on-the-cob" Negro airs, and others of his own humorous concoctions as Keep My Skillet Good And Greasy, Chewing Gum, Bile Them Cabbage Down, and others.

GID TANNER & RILEY PUCKETT

Columbia signs up artists from Red Hills of Georgia. Gid Tanner and Riley Puckett have recently signed exclusive Columbia record contracts. Thousands from Georgia flock to hear them play... They are definitely a ready market.

Riley Puckett, a blind man, lives in Atlanta and earns his daily bread -- and cake -- and the things that go with them -- by dint of his trusty guitar and silvery voice.

Gid Tanner is a dyed-in-the-wool farmer. He raises cotton and 'Little Gids' back in the Red Hills of Georgia. Columbia has signed him up because of what he can do with a fiddle and song. The Little Gids might record some day, the cotton, never.

Tanner and Puckett make their bow to the phonographic public on Columbia's June list, on sale regularly on May 20th but on special release everywhere as soon as the stock is received from the factory.

Puckett does Little Old Log Cabin In The Lane and Rock All My Babies To Sleep as solos with fiddle (Tanner) and guitar (Puckett) accompaniment. There is some old-fashioned yodeling in the latter, also by the versatile Mr. Puckett.

Gid Tanner favors with Hen Cackle solo, with fiddle by himself and guitar by friend Puckett. Then on the other side they both chip in with the music and whoops and cheers in Buckin' Mule, an old fashion square dance that tells you why they're raving about them down Georgia way.

Columbia 107-D Rock All Our Babies To Sleep/Little Old Log Cabin In The Lane

Columbia 110-D Buckin' Mule/Hen Cackle

--compiled by Len Kunstadt
previously published by
him, January 1958

FOLKSINGING AND ARTISTIC DEVELOPMENT

Organized folksinging -- and I use the term loosely -- is in a transitional stage. The old generation, the generation of Leadbelly, Woody Guthrie, Lemon Jefferson, and Josh White, has passed out of the picture; the members of this generation have died off or gone commercial. Of course their records and their tradition still remain, but they no longer exist as an active force, at least not to any appreciable extent. These men represented the first generation of organized folksinging; they were pioneers in the field, and like all pioneers in all fields, they made it a lot easier for those who follow.

But nothing stands still. The old generation has passed and the new generation is in its formative stages. The names Winston, Dave Cohen, Rifkin, and Lauffer, are as yet unknown, but in time some of these will take their places along side Leadbelly and Josh White.

Like all transitions, however, this one is not just a simple matter of Furrie Lewis handing Winnie Winston a guitar and saying, "Okay, son, take over". Like all younger generations, this one is bringing its new developments, and like all older generations, those of their predecessors still around claim these developments to be a violation of their tradition.

The most significant single development with which this controversy is now concerned is the emphasis placed on instrumental technique by the young folksingers. This emphasis was recently spoken against at a symposium by Mr Alan Lomax.

What Mr Lomax and his colleagues don't seem to realize is that with the advent of what I loosely termed "organized" folksingers, the character of folksinging has undergone a radical change. For hundreds of years, the folksong was used to accompany various activities of the "folk". It was sung by farmers, sailors, miners, and prisoners; it was used to make plowing easier, or to complain about that tough boss.

With the advent of the organized folksingers, the folksong was taken out of the background, and became an object in itself.

Shapiro (2)

Although most of the first generation folksingers were originally "folk", this is not true of the new one; they have never been in a prison, never held a plow, and never even seen the inside of a mine, except in Western movies; the only tough bosses many of them have known have been high-school teachers. For them, folksong is something to be performed for its own sake.

But they are not mere imitators of the "folk"; they have added something of their own. They are concerned with things like the difference between an old Martin and a Washburn; they listen to each other with a critical ear and can tell who really knows what he's doing, and who is just strumming a few chords. In short, they have raised the standards of the art of performing folksongs to a height that the true "folk" never could.

It is for this reason that Messrs Lomax, Thomas, and their colleagues, in their attempt to save "the tradition" are actually fighting the progress of an art. It would be sad if we had to remember them for this instead of for the positive contributions they have made.

--D. Shapiro
(accompanied by
D. Lauffer)

RECORD RESEARCH

Due to requests for information on folk music by our subscribers, RECORD RESEARCH will present a special folk issue this summer. Some of the features will be a historic appreciation and discography of the legendary Uncle Am Stuart, an article predicting the future of folk music by Israel G. Young, a discographic compilation of Decca's fabulous "5000" folk-hillbilly series of the '30's, an article on country-blues by Sam Charters, plus many other features.

--Len Kunstadt

RECORD RESEARCH
131 Hart Street
Brooklyn 6, N Y

Please start my subscription at once. Here is \$3.00 for your introductory offer of 12 issues.

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BONUS DIVIDEND: a periodic record bulletin to all subscribers, in addition to regular subscription.

ABOUT DICK WEISSMAN

Joseph E. Bennardello
New York, N Y

Dear Lee:

I feel that somewhere along the line a serious omission has been made. In the old Caravan, the new Caravan, and Gardyloo there have been articles on people like Billy Faier, Tom Paley, Frnak Hamilton, Erik Darling, and other notables in the folk field. Perhaps the most creative and imaginative artist has been more or less overlooked. I am referring to Dick Weissman. I guess a guy has to cut a solo album to be recognized. Anyway--for quite some time now I have been trying to accumulate enough information on Dick Weissman so that I could "do him justice". Unfortunately, I have been unable to gather as much information as I could have liked to. However I will attempt to expound as much as I can.

Dick bought his first banjo when he was about seventeen years old. He was inspired, like so many others, by Pete Seeger's album DARLING COREY. His initial attempts with the banjo and the original mimeographed HOW TO PLAY THE 5-STRING BANJO by Seeger proved futile. Dick wanted to sell the banjo to the same pawn shop from which he'd originally picked it up. He couldn't, so he decided to keep the darn thing.

Dick's second influence was a man named Stu Jameison from out west (Denver, Colorado?). This experience led him further into the folk field. He discovered the Library of Congress recordings, folk anthologies, and old time records. This gave him additional inspiration, and understanding of the folk idiom.

Dick is not a purist although he does many things in a traditional manner. I mentioned earlier that I believe him to be the most imaginative and creative folk artist around these days. He has composed a few lengthy original compositions for the 5-string banjo, all in the folk idiom. By far his best piece of art was the one he recorded on BANJOS, BANJOS AND MORE BANJOS, entitled A Day In The Kentucky Mountains. This piece is supposed to provoke an emotional feeling with respect to a day in the Kentucky mountains. It does! Dick also composed a piece called Pine Path Suite, and he is currently working on another original which ought to be extremely exciting.

Bennardello (2)

It's called Custer's Last Stand.

Dick has recorded for Stinson (accompanying Dick Silvera), Counterpoint (with Pat Foster), Riverside (again with Pat Foster), Judson (with Billy Faier, and Eric Weissberg). That's all I have on his discography. He has performed before concert, club, radio, and television audiences. He is an expert on Leadbelly, and he has completed an excellent research project on a study of Leadbelly. Last I heard, he was studying at Columbia University for a graduate degree in sociology. He is originally from Philadelphia.

A little about his picking style. Dick feels that the Scruggs style is rather limited. He is an excellent frailer. He frails and double-thumbs (frailing style) with excellent clarity and precision. He works in a countless number of tunings. Dick and Lee Haring have been working on a project: "Tunings for the 5-String Banjo - with chords".

Aside from frailing, Dick has developed a three fingers style which is not Scruggs. This style can be heard on the album GOLD RUSH SONGS (Riverside, with Pat Foster), side #1 - Sweet Jane. He also does a four finger style which is also rather unique. And he is working on a system of frailing which incorporated a back-thumbing of the 5th string.

Vocally, Dick's voice has been constantly maturing and getting better all the time. I think he has a fine voice -- at best in A Day In The Kentucky Mountains.

Concert audiences usually ask Dick to sing his version of East Virginia which he does in a D minor tuning. One girl I know, after hearing him do this song for the first time, said, "I was so emotionally involved that I felt chills running up my spine everytime he made a chord change." She said she felt like crying. As for me, I became dumbfounded with a drooping jaw. Those who have heard Dick do Country Blues and Pretty Polly will testify to the fact that Dick Weissman is truly a great artist. He can take traditional material, use esoteric tunings, spine tingling chords, and wild finger picking, and still excite (in the folk idiom) the purest of the purists!

Dick is also an excellent guitarist. He plays the 12-string guitar and the 6-string guitar. Just for kicks, he doubles with the mando-cello -- with banjo strings on it. Dick's ambition is to compose serious music for the 5-string banjo.

Well -- I got it all off my chest now -- all I have left to say is that I went to the New Lost City Ramblers Concert the other night and -- wow!

Sincerely,
Joseph E. Bennardello

Letters (con't)

Brooklyn, NY

Dear Lee Hoffman,

Who is Bob Yellin of "Pete who?" "Oh, you mean Mike's brother" fame? If I ever get hold of him...!

Please, why can't you put concert announcements in Gardyloo before they've already been???

My condolences to Lee Shaw's survivors.

Sandi Lubin

ed note: Bob Yellin is a Scruggs picker and therefore really shouldn't be held responsible. As to timely concert announcements, try Israel G. Young's new magazine FOLK MUSIC GUIDE, U.S.A.

- - -

Brooklyn, N Y

Dear Lee Hoffman

Was Barry Kornfeld's recent attempt to poison Lee Shaw successful after all?

Who is Sylvia? (She says that since Max caught a mouse there's been no living with him, and that he recently caught a bat and an eagle.)

I have a solution to the NLOR problem: they are the Ramblers from the Most Recently Misplaced City.

What does the A in the emblem stand for? Association or Appreciation?

I resent the "Oh, you mean Mike's brother" crack.

Julie Brody

Ed Note: Now Sylvia tells us that Max recently caught a Unicorn. # NLOR problem: Bob Brill says he always thought they were the Ramblers from New Lost City. Pete Stevens suggests that they are three brothers with the family name Rambler and an unusual assortment of given names. Mike says that Urban Thomas is "City", he (Mike) is certainly "New", John is obviously "Lost" and they all Ramble. # A for Appreciator.

- - - - -

On Allen Strausberger's review of the April 24 Folksingers Guild concert: what I want to criticize about the show is that the Wests were on too long. Too much of the program was devoted to them. This would not have been so bad if they had done something else besides sing one song after another -- and all their songs were more or less of the same type (as Mr Strausberger points out).

Otherwise I agree more or less with the review of the rest of the show -- except for one thing: Roy Berkeley and the Greenbriar Boys should have been given more time on stage. I don't think Roy sang more than ten songs, ditto for the Greenbriars, while I lost track of how many the Wests sang. It did seem kind of lopsided.

But as Mr Strausberger says, it was a generally fine show and well worth going to.

"Laura Foster"

SCRUGGS & FLATT AND THE WILBURN BROTHERS

Sunnyside Gardens, June 12th, presented by Don Larkin

After taking the wrong train, I finally found my way to Sunnyside Gardens to see the Master at work. I was quite disappointed.

The Gardens is a fairly large place where they hold all sorts of events. It was almost half full when I arrived, but I managed to get a seat in the third row. There were some guys walking around selling drinks, and there seemed to be more beer bottles than at Wash Sq. The audience was quite noisy through the whole performance. It was interesting to note that almost every banjo picker in New York seemed to have shown up.

The show started about fifteen minutes late. Don Larkin came on and talked a while. I can't be too sure, but he seems to stall even more than George Lorrie. The show was later described as a "Don Larkin Oration with musical (?) interludes". Don then introduced the Roy Horton Band, composed of a bass, an electric guitar, and an amplified accordian. I felt they were just plain bad. The way the guitarist was jumping around, it's a wonder he didn't get tangled up in his wire.

The next performer was Steve Reeves. Steve came out wearing a real jazzy looking cowboy suit and carrying a green guitar. With a stretch of the imagination he looked somewhat like Johnny Cash. He sounded amazingly like Hank Williams, and did mostly Williams' numbers.

Then the Wilburn Brothers came on, each carrying a beautiful Gibson J-200. They did a skit or two, told jokes, tried some song leading, and in general were pretty funny. Their bass player was the biggest panic I have ever seen. The audience was quite noisy during the whole thing, and the rotten PA system didn't help matters.

Then Earl Scruggs, Lester Flatt, and the Foggy Mountain Boys were presented. Earl, I understand, wasn't feeling well and wasn't up to his usual. The hall wasn't too quiet and none of the instruments could be heard very well. The fiddle came through a bit. The mike was too high for both the dobro player and Scruggs. The coreography or the group isn't quite as imaginative as that of the Greenbriars, but was well-executed. Everytime Earl stepped up to take a banjo break, the audience cheered so loudly that nothing could be

Winston (2)

heard. Scruggs did his usual stuff, Jimmy Brown, The Newsboy, Dixie, Foggy Mountain Special, and a nice version of Wildwood Flower (although not as nice as Paley's or the one by the Wests). Lester Flatt was as indistinct and mumbly as ever.

Finally came the intermission during which they sold a book by Earl Scruggs telling how to play the banjo, and having pictures of Earl and Lester. After intermission, the acts came on again in the same order as the first half. The Roy Horton bunch did Singin' The Blues (was this rock'n'roll or c-w?), and You Are My Sunshine (which sounds better when Gene Autry does it).

Steve Reeves again blinded me with his rhinestone studded jacket. The Wilburn Brothers were so well received when they did Somebody's Back In Town in the first half, that they did it again. Then Doyle Wilburn broke a string. Oh well --

Scruggs and company came back and did Salty Dog, Earl's Break-down (without Scruggs pegs), Done Laid Around, and Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms.

All in all, the show was pretty bad. The audience was the worst I have ever encountered, and ditto for the PA system. I was also stupified to find out that Flatt does not use a flatt-pick. What is this world coming to? I went home and slept off my headache and prepared for the NLOR concert the following day.

-ww

COUNTRY FIDDLER

advt

SQUARE DANCE BAND

A V A I L A B L E F O R E N G A G E M E N T S

"The Square Dance Band helped to make our Spring Square Dance at Hunter College a success." ----- Tex Jones, caller.

Joe & Willie Lockeritz
TR 2-5105

Ollie Phillips
OR 7-3623

NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS

Mills College Theater, June 13th, presented by Producers Cooperative

The concert started with a blast when eleven people got stuck in the elevator between the first and second floors of Mills College. Contrary to reports circulated during this interval, the NLCR were not among them, but were at that time backstage, tuning up. When the eleven finally got out, they were greeted by many signs which were hanging in the lobby announcing "Be Eager like Seeger" or "Frailly like Paley" or "Pick Up Chits Like Cohen" or "Ethnic Pick Lemonade -- 10¢". Obscure Records was also advertising its first pre-recorded tape, TOM TUNES (in hi-fi) which Obscure representatives were having great difficulty convincing people, was for real. I have never seen the hall as jammed as it was. I don't believe there was an available seat, and many people were sitting in the aisles and on the window sill in the back.

Jock Root came out and introduced the New Lost City Ramblers with the question "What is a New Lost City Rambler?". During the first number, Mike stamped his foot like I had never seen foot-stomping before. Then he gave a little speech while Tom and John tuned, and all three launched into the Battleship of Maine. (NOTE: Unless otherwise stated, every piece which they played was fantastic, beautiful, great, etc., etc., etc.) The group then did, in honor of Tom's marriage on June 11th, Beware Young Ladies. (I hummed it all the way home, and am still humming it as I sit here typing this. How catchy can a song get?) Mike then played an interesting version of Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender on the autoharp, which he described as an "idiot's zither". Tom and John then did Brown's Ferry Blues, which the group followed with Bell Cow, a wonderful little song.

Paley made his debut at playing mandolin on a piece called Hawkins Rag. I enjoyed their Salty Dog much more than the one offered by Earl Scruggs the night before. McKinley Cohen did a piece called Rabbit Chase, from their forthcoming album of Children's Songs. I could point out that he used Tom's banjo and seemed to have a bit of trouble getting it in tune. Does Tom have his Silver Bell trained?

They did three songs from their scheduled third record, songs about the Depression. (Economic, not Mental, they pointed out.) After Leaving Home (a wild variant of Frankie and Johnny) came the intermission, which was announced by a sign carried on by Jock.

The show started off again with a whiz-bang Scruggs-style instrumental featuring Mike. Tom then did Ring Tailed Tom with a few verses which weren't on the record. He also rolled his eyes. Mike then did the Old Fish Song, which was great, as usual. After three children's songs, the group did Dallas Rag. The events following are hard to describe but I will do my best.

When Paley turned around to put down the banjo he was holding, John gave a few random twists to the tuning pegs of the guitar, and handed it to Tom. Tom stepped up to the mike, struck a chord and developed an even more pained expression than usual. He strummed a string and began tuning.

Suddenly John grabs a second guitar from off-stage and begins tuning almost frantically. The second guitar is even more hideously out of tune than the first.

Tom gazes at him and says bitterly, "John, it's a lot of help. Thanks." He strums again, listens, disbelief in his eyes, and says, "What sort of tuning did you have this thing in?"

"Dallas Rag," John answers innocently.

Tom asks, "Well, how do you tune it for Dallas Rag?"

"D tuning," John replies, "D for Dallas."

"T for Tennessee," Mike chimes in, grabbing a tuning peg on John's guitar and helping twist. Both John and Mike are now turning pegs on the second guitar, madly.

Tom glances down at John's guitar. "Gonna be funny when the neck comes flying off." He looks closer. "It's nailed on pretty well," he says, inspecting the nails.

John and Mike are still tightening strings wildly. Tom watches them and keeps plunking his own guitar. "I'm keeping on pretending here," he informs the audience, "trying to cover up while John tunes."

Suddenly, John seems completely frustrated. Violently, he raises his guitar and smashes it down on the stage, splinters flying. Then he jumps on it.

"John," Tom says, shocked, "that's flat."

John stomps on the remains of the guitar, then turns to Tom with a strange gleam in his eyes, and grabs, shouting, "NOW YOURS!"

Mike picks up a bit of the shattered guitar and mutters, "Gee, it's a New York Martin." Tom says something about Gibson's, and Mike comments that Martins splinter better than Gibsons. Then, for the sake of scholarship, he adds that he's not really sure whether Martins or Gibsons splinter better, as if to imply that impartial tests should be held.

Leaning over the edge of the stage, he says to Harry West, who is seated in the first row, "Look what you did to this kid, Harry."

Tom, meanwhile, has finished tuning. He takes a test strum, looks satisfied, and says, "Well, alright". Then he launches, unperturbed, into his next number.

He sang The Girl I Left Behind Me. It was really great. Tom and Mike then did Hop High Ladies. (Who says you can't frail a Gibson Mastertone?) The entire group did their closing number, Don't Let Your Deal Go Down.



The audience demanded encores, so while John and Tom were tuning their kazoos, Mike did What A Friend We Have In Jesus on the fiddle, in the really odd bowing style that imitates an old time parlor organ. Their final number was an instrumental bit of music(?) called The Too Tight Rag with John and Tom doubling on first and second kazoo. It was the wildest thing I have ever seen.

When the final curtain closed, I could hear Mike saying, "I want to go to a party."

This concert was the greatest thing I have ever attended, and I am looking forward to the next affair with the New Lost City Guitar Smashers.

---Winnie Winston.

SPECIAL FEATURE: The serialization of Barry Kornfeld's famed book "1001 Witty Sayings To Use While Tuning Your Banjo In Front Of An Audience" collected in the field.

Installment # 2

Witty Saying # 2:

"Banjo tuning is a very popular sport down South. Up here we have baseball. Down there they have banjo tuning. They even have tuning teams. One of them is known as the New Lost City Ramblers."

--Ben Rifkin

Watch for the next installment of this exciting serialization in a future issue of Gardyloo!

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6. Occasional extra newsletters, at no cost, when necessary. These will also list all new books and some records available at the Folklore Center.
7. Itineraries of folksingers will be noted, as well as radio programs. Folk song groups and folk schools will be noted. There will be a classified column for banjo and guitar teachers.

The first issue will appear before Labor Day and it will be a monthly thereafter.

Any information on concerts, festivals, symposia, events, groups, and programs should be sent to The Folklore Center as long in advance as possible to ensure a listing.

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NEW YORK SCENE

An orchid or two to Dick & Kiki Greenhaus and their fellow conspirators in the Producers Cooperative for filling a long-felt need on the folk music scene...the presentation of a concert intended to be primarily entertainment and fun. It was a joy to behold.

More excitement on the local scene was Israel G Young's store party for Oscar Brand which turned into an informal concert, with Oscar treed on a chair in a corner by a mob of eager fans, previewing his new album THE WILD BLUE YONDER and doing various requests. This was far and away the most successful of The Folklore Center store parties. The store was jammed, crackers and cheese (courtesy of the proprietor) were devoured, and a general good time was had. (One fan brought a guitar which he had Oscar autograph with a knife. A young lady plied him with philosophical questions. And someone asked "Were you ever in Vaudeville?")

Sunday 14 June saw an awesome assemblage of Bluegrassers in Wash Sq: Mike Seeger, Marshall Brickman, Ralph Rinzler, Eric Weissberg and the Greenbriar Boys (Bob Yellin, Paul Prestopino and John Herald) all in one group.

I want to say to all those wonderful people that were so kind when my father passed away and for all those who so thoughtfully gave us gifts, that my mother and I were overwhelmed by your expression of friendship and can never thank you enough.

--Lionel Kilberg

There seems to be a revival of interest in the fiddle around NY nowadays. A while back only a few people like Roger Sprung and Bob Yellin were playing on the Wash Sq scene. Now, Danny Z is back, Marshall Brickman has been bringing his fiddle to the Sq., Jaime & Roger Lass are both working at fiddle playing. Dick Greenhaus has put his instrument back into playing condition. Josh Rifkin, and Eric Weissberg are among those who have been seen bowing fiddle in Wash Sq. And John Cohen was recently seen playing Mike Seeger's fiddle in a dark corner at a party. We hope this fit of enthusiasm will last. We could use a few more good fiddle players on the N Y Scene.

NY Scene (2)

We note that the new SING OUT (with Alan Lomax's picture on the cover, and a new cover format) is chock full of goodies. Among the songs included are Battle of New Orleans (astonish and delight your non-folknik friends), Brown's Ferry Blues (good at any social gathering) and The Old Fish Song (well worth it). Among the articles are an interview with Jimmy Driftwood, and a brace of items on urban folksingers (one by Alan Lomax, the other by John Cohen) that would seem to be required reading for all literate folkniks.

IN ANSWER TO A COUPLE OF QUERIES: The word "folknik" was coined by Israel G. Young, and was originally even more derogatory than current usage would have it. The name, New Lost City Ramblers, is credited to John Cohen by competent authorities. The title, Gardyloo, is an old folk expression. The NLCRA emblem was dreamed up by Lee Hoffman and executed by Winnie Winston. The "I AM LOST" slogan was the brainchild of Dick Greenhaus. Aaron Rennert, Ray Sullivan and Kiki Greenhaus all had thumbs in on the creation of the tags. Or so we are led to understand.

A bitter blow to many was the marriage on June 11th of Claudia Lingafelt and Tom Paley.

LIFE IN A WORLD WHERE EVERYBODY LOVES FOLK MUSIC DEPT: "The Ralph Hunter Choir in a round-up of favorite songs of the Old West. These authentic ballads of the trail and saloon feature realistic sound effects hi fi addicts love..."

RCA Victor ad in the New Yorker
6 June 59

The noted folklore scholar, Dobson Droptumber, is preparing a second installment of his study, FOLKSONGS OF WASH SQ., and requests that persons who can contribute to this study, please do so. Send songs to this magazine. Footnotes especially appreciated. (He would like to thank The Beanie Boys for their contribution, which will appear in a future issue.)

THE FOLKLORE CENTER regrets an error made in its last bulletin. The list price of Folkways Records remains at \$5.95 for their 12" and \$4.25 for their 10" LPs. The prices of \$3.95 and \$3.09 (for the 12" and 10" LPs respectively) offered were intended to mean the recently lowered, special discount prices at which these records are now sold by The Folklore Center.

Sincere apologies to Folkways Records who have kept their list prices stable for many years and who intend to keep them stable.

---Israel G. Young

The Folklore Center
110 MacDougal St.
New York 12, NY

ANTI-SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER:

A group of picnicing folkniks and ethniks in Wash Sq early one Sunday morning (about 1:30 AM), namely Kiki & Dick Greenhaus, Bruce Hampton, Aaron Rennert and an unidentified editor of Gardyloo, were attacked by wolves, who made off with the remains of the chicken... a young banjo picker in Wash Sq had his banjo autographed by Fred Gerlach...contrary to popular opinion, John Cohen has not been jailed in Kentucky as a labor agitator. He was recently seen dancing in Wash Sq, shortly after having been bitten by a green mosquito... recent visitors to the NY Scene were Dr Harry Oster and Richard Allen...Israel G. Young, proprietor of The Folklore Center and confidant of his fellow MacDougal Street businessmen, is now offering an even exchange of brand spang new copies of Gardyloo, for old used copies of the mimeographed Caravan...Claudia Paley was recently seen riding piggyback on her husband's shoulders, in order to photograph a fungus in Wash Sq...Dave Van Ronk is once again a bare-faced boy... Aaron Rennert was recently mistaken for Tom Paley (both have demanded apologies)...a week after doing a concert for The Folksingers Guild, Will Holt lost his voice...Mothers' Day at Wash Sq was 31 May 59, when the mothers of such folkniks as Eric Weissberg, Lionel Kilberg, and Winnie Winston, were all present...Two banjo pickers at AYH seen alternately acting as capos for one another...Jean Ritchie singing Wreck On The Highway at the Guild Symposium...The Rifkin Brothers playing patty cake at AYH...Winnie Winston frailing guitar...What dark secret is Bob Yellin hiding?...Kiki Greenhaus is no longer Cold Cider Queen of NY Folkmusic, but is now Ethnic Pink Lemonade Queen...Why did Winnie Winston hit a kid at Wash Sq with his dobro?...New Obscure Record: BLUEGRASS, SON OF THE NLOR by Mike Seeger...Josh Rifkin seen leading Group Singing at AYH...The Greenbriars have built up such an avid following around Wash Sq that there are complaints and mutterings in the crowd when they don't show up..."Tom Who?" "Oh, you mean Claudia's husband!"...arrangements are being made for Israel G. Young to publish Fred Gerlach's book on How To Play The 12-String Guitar... Mike Seeger has a really handsome Gibson F 5...Donny Leace is in the market for a good, but inexpensive guitar...it is good to have Ralph Rinzler back on the local scene...what NY folkniks were seen at the Scruggs-Flatt concert having the master autograph their NLORA tags?... And who were those characters in the front row at the same concert with the big "Don Reno Fan Club" sign?...Roger Sprung held his annual outing this month...Paul Schoenwetter, when told that Tom Paley could not make it at a recent party, was heard to say, "Well, that's alright. I'm here..."Happy Traum is back from the Coast...Tom Paley may be playing the Ash Grove in LA this summer...if there is anyone reading this who expects to attend the Newport Festivities as a spectator rather than a participant, we would appreciate a report for Gardyloo... a welcome visitor to the NY Scene in June was Archie Green.....

The COMING EVENTS DEPARTMENT has been dropped as a regular feature of Gardyloo, due to lack of information. We will still be glad to make announcements of any events in the folkmusic field around NY, if info is sent to us in writing. But for full listings, you'll have to go elsewhere. We suggest that you subscribe to Israel G. Young's FOLK MUSIC GUIDE, U.S.A., which will be the news magazine. --LH

(Our listings were never adequate, anyway.)

5-String Banjo Picking Contest

For almost ten years there have been annual banjo contests at either Sunset Park, West Grove, Pa., or at New River Ranch at Rising Sun, Md., initiated originally by Alec Campbell of New River Ranch. In their earlier years many professional banjo pickers such as Donny Bryant, Smitty Irwin, Sam Hutchins, Larry Richardson, and others, would vie with one another for the Gibson Mastertone 5-string banjo that was to be given away. Several times both Don Reno and Earl Scruggs and their bands would be booked in on the same date and they played some of the best unaccompanied banjo duets ever picked.

But professionals such as Bryant and Irwin rarely won, since the contests were based on audience applause rather than a cold appraisal of ability by banjo-picking judges. In one contest a sailor playing Dixieland on a tenor banjo won mostly because of his uniform; the following year a somewhat inebriated man approached the contest microphone, held up his thumb and a forefinger and said, "I've only got two fingers but I'll pick the best I can." He flailed at the strings to little musical advantage but had the audience and therefore the contest. In following years one boy nearly won who had had trouble remembering the tune he was going to pick; another almost-won was a boy who brought his own cheering section to counteract the always powerful local favorite. Incidents like these brought bad will toward the promoters of the contests and year by year more rules have been applied to the contestants.

All of this is meant to be background on this year's banjo contest on July 4th at Sunset Park, sponsored by Sunset Park and Don Reno, with a prize of a Gibson Mastertone or \$200. The rules of the contest have been tightened up considerably so that only 5-string banjo players above age 16 are now eligible, and furthermore not allowed to say a word into the microphone, must pick their own announced tune, draw lots to determine their order of appearance, and must not let any other instrument in their band (if they do have backing) take the lead.

At about 3:30 the contest got under way and all banjo pickers were called on stage where they were to remain until the end of the contest. As Eddie Matherly, the announcer, read off the name of the banjo picker, his or her hometown and the name of the tune that was to be played, each would step up to the microphone and play his tune, usually a variant of Scruggs' style and nervous as a result of a thousand or two people in the audience.

First off was Joe Kaskell of New Jersey, playing Banjo Signal (Don Reno), followed by Eric Weissberg of NYC with an excellent arrangement and performance of several oldtime tunes, then Andy Philips of Sinking Springs, Pa., playing Tower Mountain Twist (with breakdown pegs); Gloria Flichinger, Hanover, Pa., Dixie Breakdown (Don Reno), the only girl in the contest this year and better known for her Molly O'Day-style singing and mandolin playing; Phil Trump, Sheridan, Pa., Clinch Mtn Backstep (Ralph Stanley); Burrill Kilby, Oxford, Pa., Home Sweet Home (Don Reno, Allen Shelton); the other Trump brother played Hart Times (also by Ralph Stanley); James Brooks of Rising Sun, Md., Bugle Call Rag (Earl Scruggs); J. Holbrook, Phil., Pa., Bluegrass Breakdown (Bill Monroe); Pete Huey, Balt., Md., Home Sweet Home; Mike Seeger, Washington, D.C., John Hardy (in minor both Scruggs and thumb styles); Carl Chatsky, NYC, Foggy Mtn Breakdown (Earl Who?); Sam Hutchins, Balt., Md., Cumberland Gap (Earl Taylor's lead singer and guitar player who won last years heated contest against a rock 'n' roller who played Milk Cow Blues, with his version of Kicking Mule); Roger Sprung, NYC, Paddy on the Turnpike (played well, Scruggs and frail style - also exhibited Pegram-style stage presence); French Zahn, Alexandria, Va., Farewell Blues (Earl Scruggs); Kenneth Hurley, Wilmington, Del., Hamilton County Breakdown; Sonny Miller, Delaware, Dear Old Dixie (Earl Scruggs) - Sonny is one of the best banjo and especially fiddle players in the area; Gerald Flaharty, age 16, Woodbine, Pa., Beer Barrel Polka (Don Reno); Rick Churchill, Arlington, Va., Dixie Breakdown; Elvin Burkheart, Lancaster, Pa., Foggy Mtn Special (Earl Scruggs); Stuart Klavens, Balt., Md., Wild-wood Flower (plectrum style); Sonny Bowers, Williamsport, Pa., Banjo Strut (McCormick Bros.)

After all of the 22 players had finished their tunes, each was called back, Godfrey Talent Scout Style, to play a short part of his tune after which the audience applauded and the 3 judges, audience volunteers from Delaware, Md., and Pennsylvania, judged the applause and came up with 5 semi-finalists: Weissberg, Seeger (Mike), Sprung, Miller, and Flaharty, all of whom were to appear in the finals at 3:00 that night. It was fairly clear who had won and that the Park was just trying to give a better show and have people stay at the concessions.

At the evening show the five were first trimmed of Weissberg and Seeger, then Sprung and Miller. The winner, Gerald Flaharty, has been playing in this area for more than two years and until this year had been frustrated by the 16-year-age minimum ruling and the audience knew this. His father (who was fiddling at a dance this night) and his mother had helped in his wish to play and had driven him to other contests in which he'd developed stage presence which in addition to his good banjo picking showed up many of the older contestants at Sunset Park. It was a good balance of picking, presence, and local appeal, that won him this contest on July 4th.

--Mike Seeger

Gardylloo offers many thanks to Mike Seeger for the preceeding report.

And we'd like to talk for a minute or two about confusion. This issue of Gy was meant to be out the first week or so in July, and the bulk of it was already mimeoed by the end of June. But a few unscheduled difficulties (does anyone ever schedule his own difficulties?) arose: a key fell off the typewriter, our cover printer went on vacation, and our paper supplier couldn't find 54 E 7th St. It became evident that the issue couldn't be completed until after the 4 July weekend, so we sent out an urgent call for a report on the Sunset Park picking contest, and finished mimeoing all of the mag except for these last few pages. Now it is evident that the issue won't be out until after the 11-12 July weekend. Our request for a report on the Newport Gala still stands, but in the past tense. And the indicia, originally scheduled for page 24 is now on 26. So you now have a somewhat confused, but bigger than usual, issue of Gy.

The next issue is scheduled for some time in August, but don't give up on it if it doesn't show up when you expect it. Things happen.

NOTICE: Heretofore we have brought you within the pages of Lardygoo a great many extra features, such as numerous entertaining typographical errors, at no additional charge. But due to rising costs of materials, it has become necessary for us to make a token charge for these extras. Therefore it is requested that you carefully count the typographical errors in your copy of Gargloo and send us the small fee of 5¢ per error for them. Your cooperation in this matter would be greatly appreciated.

SUPERFLOUS SOCIAL NOTES (many of them mere rumors)...Rod Moffatt played host to a horde of mad men, fair women, and others, for a weekend at Larchmont over July 4-5...Al Grossman is planning to make his headquarters in New York...Billy Faier will be in charge of Sunday night concerts at the Village Gate, starting in Sept...Israel G Young has been selling subscriptions to the Folk Music Guide USA at a marvelous rate...the book version of THE GOOFING-OFF SUITE by Pete Seeger is expected out at the end of July...The record, OH LOVELY APPEARANCE OF DEATH by Hally Wood is scheduled to be re-issued by Elektra...The Weavers reported doing well, giving eight concerts a week in Israel...Bill Clifton's Song Book is soon to be available at The Folklore Center...Choreography for the New Lost City Ramblers Ladies Auxiliary Chowder, Marching and Modern Dance Society is under the direction of Kiki Greenhaus..."Let me hear your multi-chord single-string velocity technique" an admirer asked Dave Woods...Folk dancers in Wash Sq Sunday afternoons have started bringing a portable phonograph with records for accompaniment..."No finer death!" proclaimed John Cohen, "Stabbed with a kazoo!"...In Rod Moffatt's backyard, Kiki Greenhaus busily replacing divots while Tom Paley made ready to use the reclining Rod as a tee...what

banjo picker recently described himself as "Instant Buddha"?...Mark Morris mass-producing hand-lettered signs for The Folklore Center... Israel G Young now has a mountain dulcimer type thing with plywood top and bottom, and sheet-metal sides, which was described as the new solid body electric...Perry Lederman denies that he is a Used-Guitar Dealer...rumor has it that Tom Paley turns bright purple when exposed to intense sunlight...Excess Accessories announces a new accessory for the Winston Boom-a-Phone banjo; roller bearing frets for those smooth, easy slides...Billy Faier reported to have been seen flat-picking banjo for Piute Pete...Dave Van Ronk and Dave Wood alternately picking guitar in The Folklore Center...Photo-Sound Associates, photographers to the world of folkniks, are having many of their photos published these days but are rarely paid for them.... with the upswing of interest in folk-hillbilly music, many are hoping for the issuance of more LPs like the Folkways Anthology...a large party of folkniks has been spotted sneaking into movie houses to see Japanese-made monster films...Winnie Winston has a curly mandolin... Mike Seeger & Bill Clifton reported Bluegrassing around the D.C. area together...Ray Yavneh seen subscribing to Folk Music Guide USA... Mike Nagler has a batch of interesting instruments for sale -- check his notice on the bulletin board at The Folklore Center...joy, joy

THE BRIDE'S CORNER: a Department of Exciting Household Recipes for Folkniks and Ethniks

Take one glass of Old Overholt. Dip one well-salted potato chip in glass, squishing around to soak thoroughly. Convey rapidly to the mouth to avoid loss of any excess rye. Insert in mouth, chew, and swallow. This procedure may be followed as many times as necessary.

---Claudia Paley

A T I A S T ! T H E L O N G - A W A I T E D I N D I C I A

GARDYLOO is an amateur magazine edited and published every now and then (like every four to eight weeks) by Lee Hoffman, assisted by Winnie Winston and Barry Kornfeld, with guffaws and grumbles by staff photographers, Aaron Rennert and Ray Sullivan. The price is 15¢ per copy, 7 issues for \$1.00 (If you want it delivered to you home in a plain sealed wrapper, there is an additional charge of 25¢ per copy). Opinions expressed herein are usually opinions though rarely, and certainly not necessarily, representative of the opinions of the staff and/or others. Lardygoo eagerly solicits material for use within these pages, and all letters received will be considered for publication unless clearly marked otherwise. Since this is a non-profit organization and your pittance of payment for the 'zine barely covers production costs, please be so kind as to drop us a note of comment now and then so we'll know all is not for naught.

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